

# CUPID'S

*Soliciter of LOVE.*

With Sundry Complements:

Wherein is shown the deceitfulness of Loving,  
and Lovers, now a days commonly used.  
With certain Verses and Sonnets, upon several subjects  
that is Written in this BOOK.

By RICHARD CRIMSAL.



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*Cupids*

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A Young Gentleman to a beaution Fair  
Young Gentlewoman.



Most beaution fairest of face,  
Courteous and kind Loving  
Gentlewoman; my humble  
Service I tender to your  
compleat person, wishing you  
continual happiness with true  
joy and felicity: what more wanteth in ex-  
pression of words, my heart multiplieth in  
good thoughts towards you. Now sweet Mi-  
stris, let me, Oh let me intreat your patience  
to lend your attentive ear unto the hearing of  
some news as a Petition to your own person.  
I am lately wounded with a shaft from Gods  
Cupids Bow; & he hath pierced my heart be-  
ry sore, my wounds bleed inward, and unless  
you be an antidote to cure me, I am but a dead  
man: the very air of your breath may cure me  
if you please, and if you say the word it is done:  
and I hope you will become a kind and comfor-  
table Physician to me in my extremitie: Alas  
the Dart sticks fast still, and pricks me very  
sore, and makes me press near unto you: you  
may pacifie my grief if you please. I am sick  
of that Disease that King Priams Son Paris  
was, when he beheld the face of faire Helena:  
not that I would steal away that which is ano-  
thers mans right; far be it from my heart so

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to do. O no, 'tis not to enjoy and inherit that  
 which Cupid gives me counsel may be my  
 own: but alas, why did I say my own? when  
 as yet I have no possession: nor is given me  
 by that censure, which I do long to hear from  
 the Judge of my cause, and that is your own  
 self. Sweet, courteous, and kind *Philis*, I  
 cannot use my Tongue with eloquence, but for  
 evidence of the true love I bear to you, it shall  
 be express with motions of modesty, and actions  
 of honesty: for to be plain and brief, you are the  
 only she that can cure or kill, you are she that  
 mine eyes gaze at, that my thoughts feed on, that  
 my senses dream on: nay, all my whole affec-  
 tions are settled on you only: I can neither eat,  
 drink, nor sleep, but in your company. Though  
 it may be I am a hundred miles distance from  
 you, yet I have the true Portraiture of those  
 red Cheeks, those Coral Lips, those bright  
 Ramps of light, and that pretty compleat dim-  
 pled Chin, drawn out by a curious Cunning  
 Limner, who hath used such art in his Work-  
 manship, that I can do nothing but dote upon  
 it: Like unto *Apeles* which brought Art so  
 near Nature, that he quite forgot the Work  
 of nature, and learned only on the frame of art.  
 But, O my sweet *Philis*, pardon my forget-  
 fulness, I began to desire your favour to en-  
 tertain my Love, which favour if I attain, I  
 shall think my self most happy. I much long



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to hear that kind answer from that pleasing  
tongue of thine, my joy, my hearts delight. If  
thou countenance me with favour, then shall I  
ever hereafter expect true joy in heart, and peace  
in mind, and a full measure of love to my lifes  
end. But oh if your respective smiles, turn to  
unre<sup>p</sup> it d frowns, and your answer, which I  
hope will be kind and loving speeches, should  
turn to bitter words. O then you will ever  
cast me into the deep abyſſe of Hell. Oh most  
courteous Spirits, let not that heart of yours  
harbour so much hardness in it, as to make  
your tongue to deny my request: it is but love  
I ask of you, it shall not be given neither, for  
I will repay it ten-fold double: trust my dear  
love I will, and this I le promise truly, that  
thou shalt be made sole Governels and Com-  
manders of all thou canst desire: my heart and  
hand thou shalt command to the utmost Ser-  
vice that lies in me to do. O pittie my Mouth,  
and do not kill my heart with grief, seeing it  
lies in thee to give it life. By these Speeches,  
and some other signs of Love which you may  
see appears in me, and you understand, that my  
happines rests only in you. So I tell yours  
to command, whilst death makes separation,  
expecting your kind answer.

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The Beautious Fair Gentlewomans Answer  
to the young Gentleman.

**M**ost worthy and well-deserving Gentleman, I have had the hearing, and in part the perusal of your mind; which I find is a little intangled in Love, it is a Net or Snare which catcheth many fools, and I my self hereafter may make one of the same number; but as yet I am free and at liberty: And being free, I will seek to restrain the subtile Baits which are laid to trap poor silly Wards withal, And what are those baits? I will explain them, They are subtile Temptations and delusions which young men use by fair speeches and long process; and indeed Sir, I must be brief with you, and tell you plainly you have in this place and in my presence, laid the same Baits to intangle me, but trust me, sure as yet, I will not be caught this first time. Indeed, besides I am young and tender of age, tender in judgement, my knowledge is not sufficient to know an honest man from a knave. Indeed sir, I dare not enter into any state of marriage, without discretion: and furthermore, I am under the government of my parents, whom I dare not nor will offend: As they have performed their duty with care and cost in bringing me to this age, so I must in like manner perform my duty in obedience to them, as fits a child to do: I must not cast the Reins of the Bridle on the Horses neck and let him run where he pleaseth: such

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as do so, are to ride out of their way: nay, that  
is not all, for many times daily experience tells  
us, they catch a dangerous fall: kind Gentle-  
man, you said my words could cure of this, your  
judgement fails in my opinion; certainly he's  
but a faint Soldier that cannot stand above  
one blow, and he's much fainter that dare not  
stand one blow: this I leave to your consider-  
ation. Kind Gentleman, I pray do not fall sick  
of conceit; the Proverb is, Conceit without re-  
ceit, is nothing but plain deceit. My Mother  
calls, I must needs be gone, for which I am  
heartily sorry: for I am fully perswaded had I  
time, I could cure your melancholly, and put  
you into a fine fit of madness: but truly Gen-  
tleman, I must needs bid you adieu.

The gentlemen's song in disdain of his Mistress.

The Tune is, *Come my sweet and bonny one.*

Shall I despair, or dye with care,  
for her that will not love?

Hang him that will, I'll use my skill,  
some other I'll go prove.

(kind,

And if I can find one that will to me prove  
Then her alway I shall obey, and that she true  
Methinks I hear some people swear, shall find  
the Female sex will change,

Then why should I, despairing dye,  
for such as love to range?

(take care,

I'll seek to find content in mind, & never more  
I'll not complain, 'tis all in vain,

women are fond though fair.

▲

A young Citizen to a City Damosel.

**M**ost vertuous Mistris, and bright blazing  
Star: whose beauty the beholders ad-  
mire, thou art the Mirroꝝ of our age, or at least  
a precious paragon of pleasure: though I have  
made something bold impressing into your pre-  
sence, yet I hope you will not be offended there-  
at: I dare presume if you did favour me but as  
much as I do affect you, that you would bid me  
welcome, and that heartily too. Fair Mistris, I  
am one that have crossed the Salt Ocean, and  
have dealt in many rich Merchandizes, and di-  
vers rich Drugs and dear Commodities, and  
precious rich jewels: but such a rich jewel as  
your self, I have not hitherto beheld with mine  
eyes. And that I might be so happy a man to en-  
joy that admirable beauty of yours. May Gold  
buy it? I will not go without it: might sword  
win it? I will lay my life at stake to play for  
it: might trabel fetch it? I would trabel all  
the world over for it: or if a Ships Lading of  
Pearls might obtain me this precious Gem;  
all Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, should  
not be long unsearched. Alas, why do I speak  
of the farthest parts of the world, when it is  
here in presence, place fitting, and opportunities  
free; There is no danger but denial, and that  
danger makes me dread the loss of my love,  
my life and all other joys here on earth. My  
heart burns with flames unquenchable: unless  
you quench the fire I dye in despair. I speak

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Sweet Mistress, say, can you boughse to release me out of bondage, and let me walk at liberty: kind courteous Mistress pittie me, I am Cupids prisoner: yet you have authority to release me if you please. The debt that I owe is love, and that I'll pay to you in abundant manner too, and when I have paid you all that you demand, yet I will remain your debtor ten thousand fold more. Speak Mistress, speak, and withal speak kindly, let me not languish in misery. I say love and let me live, if you answer otherwise, then death stands ready to strike me dead.

The City Damocles Answer to  
her Love.

**S**weet Sir, you are a very proper young-  
man, and compleat in all parts: the worst  
fault that I can find in you is this, that you have  
a very saint heart, or else it is a very false heart,  
which I shall plainly make appear; in the first  
place, that you shall dye for denial of my love,  
that were a thing impossible: and on the con-  
trary, if it be not so, it must appear it is very  
false in that you can say so much, counterfeit &  
dissemble: but I will not blame you for it: but  
against the next morning, or the next maid you  
speak to, I advise you to be better furnished, or  
else you will be trapt in your speech: In the  
mean space if I want one to set forth my praise,  
Ile send for you: so I wish you may speed well,  
when

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when you speak better, tell then farewell.

The young Gentleman being fallen Sick,  
sends a Letter to his Love.

**M**y humble duty and service to my disloyal  
Mistress: this however to remember my  
love unto you, hoping for your content all hap-  
piness and health, wishing you all joy and pros-  
perity: & as you find the hand of my writing,  
so I desire your well-wishing towards me at  
my departure: and though you would not go to  
Church with me as a Bride, yet I desire you  
to accompany me as a Mourner to my Grave;  
you may now truly find and know my heart  
was not false, but true & constant, firm & sure:  
to make it more apparent, if you come unto  
me before I have breathed my last, I will seal it  
to you by giving you all, or most of all that I  
have. Thus I rest in haste, your unexpected and  
dejected Lover, for whom the Bell tolls.

The Letter is delivered to her, and she hasteth  
to her Love.

**H**ow! a Letter from that young Gentle-  
man & he like to dye: 'tis impossible: the  
Wellenger may learn of his Master to flatter &  
dissemble a little. But stay, let me see what is  
within said? he says disloyal Mistress, this I con-  
fess is true enough, but he remembers his love  
to me, and prays for me too, 'tis well done: &  
I must wish him well at his departure: but  
whither is he going? I marvel, & stay, what  
is



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is here? Accompany him as a Mourner to his grave: this makes me startle. O terror! O false bewitching beauty, why did nature bestow it upon me? the Bell tolls, come let me to horse with all speed. O that I could flye in the air as swift as the Swallow, but yet I will be with my love speedily, if any best or help of mine may preserve his life, he shall be sure I will not fail him. So courteous kind Messenger, there is thy reward, make haste to thy Master, my love is dear to him, and so he shall find: Now I will haste to him to relate my mind in secret to himself. O that I could send a Messenger to Death to say that cruel stroke until such time as we have finished our thoughtfull time of joy and pleasure. But no more delay, I am gone. Now sweet love, I come, I come with speed. My heart misgives me, who comes here? he makes haste, his horse sweats very much: ill news I fear me.

Another Messenger brings News, her  
Love is dead.

**F**air Mistress, my hart hath been much, to tell you that your delay hath been too long: alas, you are going, but your journey is in vain; death hath stoppt the passage of my loyal masters coming to you, & I may serve to say your journey to him: he is dead, your unkindness to him hath caused his death: had you been kind and loving, then had my Master still had breath: his  
lofs

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loss of life makes me bold to tell you, that you are to blame. Yet withal I may pacifie you; again, he hath made you Heir of all his Land & Living. Mistis, I know this thing hath a sweet sound with it, and as I did wound you, yet this plaister will cure all again.

The Maidens sorrow declared.

**O** Sad and heaby news hast thou declared to me, dolor and tooe hath possessed my heart: I am tormented in my mind, & know not what to say or do. I am oppressed with grief and calamity: why was I born to be the death of so true loving and a kind young man? & why did nature work her art so far in me, as to bestow that perfection of workmanship in so faire a piece of clay: she hath adorned me with a fair outside, but within she hath placed a stony heart, that was not endued with pity till it was too late. Now I plainly perceiue my own folly, and find out my error: alas my love, thou wast kind and loyal in thy love, but I was false and unconstant to thee. & would I could now call thee back again from death, or that death would be so much my friend to call me into his company. But alas, my wishes are in vain: I will betake my self to my closet and weep for my true loves death, and bury my tears in his grave: I will attend his Hearse as a sad mourner, & write an Epitaph whereby the World may know hereafter that I heartily grieved for his death.

The

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*The Epitaph she writ upon his Grave.*

**H**ere lyeth he, which dy'd for me,  
my fault I must confess;  
My self was she, prov'd false to thee,  
I cannot say no less:  
For which I vow not to dissolve  
my love to any other:

Thine i'll remain, till death hath tane,  
me, to the ground my mother.

A young mans subtilty to win a young maid.

**S**weet Virgin, and Mistres of my thoughts,  
I have long desired to speak with you, about  
the matter you wot on: I told you in part, my  
mind at the last meeting we had, and your an-  
swer was to me, that you would resolve me at  
your next meeting, now is the time or never,  
for I am on flame, or else you will destroy the  
whole substance of my heart; I need not declare  
my substance, nor tell you of the worthy acts  
I have achieved, these things are very well  
known unto you: if my deserts do not deserve  
to merit Love, then in brief tell me so: and on  
the contrary, if you find that I do deserve your  
love, then answer lovingly; say that I shall  
be the man, and none but I, and speak, or for  
ever hereafter be silent.

The maids answer to her best beloved.

**M**y love, to your demand I answer thus:  
Where I the Paragon of the World, yet  
would I be thy Paramour: had I the wealth  
of

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of Erceſus, get my ſelf and it would be at thy  
command: my affections are ſetled only on  
thee, and I long to ſee the day wherein we may  
be knit together in Dymens hands, my heart,  
my hand, and what elle thou canſt demand, or  
command from me, reſteth at thy diſpoſing:  
in token whereof I'll ſing forth thy praſe.

*The Maids Song in praife of her Love.*

*The Tune is, I fancy none but thee.*

**W**ere my love a ſilly Shepherd,

I would be his Shepherdess;

Or were he but a poor Neat-herd,

I would love him ne'r the leſs:

But he is one that is well known,

to be a man in every part,

And he alone ſhall be my own,

for I love him with all my heart.

He is proper, tall, and ſlender,

Nature us'd her Art in him:

I will ſtill be his defender,

he's to me a precious jem:

Him will I love whiſt I do live,

him will I honour and obey,

My hand, my heart, to him I'll give,

he is my love, my life, my joy.

A young man to an Old Widdow.

**W**iddow, I come to bring you tidings of joy,

ceale to weep for the dead, your tears are

ſpent in vain, 'tis but meer folly and madneſs,

think on the living: ſuppoſe you ſee another

husband

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husband before your eyes, & one that may giue you comfort in your old age: say the man be like my self, cannot you find in your heart to love him? Say widdow can you not? You see I am young and lusty, and in the prime of my youth: doubt not but I will prove loving and kind to you during the term of life: I am none of those that come to you with complements, but I spake in plain terms: tell me truly from your heart, had not you better content in bed when you lay with your husband, then you have now you lye alone? I know if you speak true you cannot say the contrary: a man is a comfort to a woman & a woman the like to a man, being joyned together in hymens bands: Now tell me widdow, have I spoke the truth or no? You know by experience, I speak by the way of supposition: But if you find I speak truth, then trust me, and try me in the state of Marriage: wherein you shall find I will prove a loving husband to you, during such time as either of us shall draw breath. Answer me speedily, and let us dispatch the matter suddenly, so we may both enter into joy presently.

The Widdows Answer to the Young-man.

**T**ruly you have touched me to the quick: I cannot say, but I had more pleasure in one nights lodging with my husband, then I have had eber since he dyed, which is the space of a whole month, and truly I will take your coun-  
let:

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tel: for I will not be alone another month for  
no good. Wherefore I do accept of you for my  
Husband, and a comfort to me: and with speed  
let us perform the match, and seal the Bands  
in presence of the Congregation.

30 A Song upon the Wooing of a Widdow.

340 To the Tune of, I am in Love, &c.

**H**E that will wooe a widdow must not dally  
He must *make hay* while th' Sun doth shine  
He must not with her stand shall I, shall I,  
but boldly say Widdow thou must be mine:  
Maids are unconstant, widdows are unkind,  
The best of all as fickle as the wind,

'Tis vain to wooe a Widdow over long,  
in once or twice her mind you may perceive  
Widdows are subtil be they old or young,

& by thejr wiles young men they will *deceive*  
Strike home at first, and then she will be kind  
Else you shall find them fickle as the wind,  
Maids they are cross, the proverb so doth tell  
young-men must flatter them all the while;  
But widdows they love a bold spirit well,

& if you please her, then on you she'll smile:  
If you can give content unto her mind,  
She'll love you well, else her you'll fickle find.

The Complement of a young man to his  
Love, of her unconstancy.

**O** my darling, my dove, my duck, my dear,  
whom I have so long respected, shall I now  
be disdained? what for ever? can that heart of  
thine



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thine harbour cruelty in it always: By that  
tongue of thine, can it run eloquently upon de-  
ceit, and nothing but deceit? how often times  
have we killed each other, and toyed with wan-  
ton Dalliance, when thou hast protested and  
sworn that none but my self should enjoy thy  
person: the two bright blazing stars of thine  
hath caused me to gaze at them; thy Coral-lips  
were to me as Lead-bones to draw kisses from  
me. All which thou professedst was according to  
thine own hearts desire, and art thou now all  
changed again? for shame let not the tongue of  
man report it, 'twill be a disgrace to you and all  
your Sex. Hereafter turn thy heart to love, &  
love again. O let me not spend all my love in  
vain.

### The Maids Answer to her Love.

**A**s poor simple man, dost thou complain  
of any unconstancy? no, complain of thy  
own negligence, thou hast been too slow in thy  
proceedings: the time was I did love thee well,  
thou shouldst have made good use of the time,  
but now time is past away, and cannot be recal-  
led again: if you men complain of women, and  
say, they are changing, why are you men so slow  
& do not take opportunity before they do change,  
now 'tis too late to call after me, for I am not  
like to the hawk that flies from the fist, and re-  
turns back again with the Lure, not so, you are  
deceibed, therefore rest your self contented and

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Strike no more, for it is all against the stream,  
and so farewell, I leave you to your good fortune,  
and wish you may have a good wife, if  
you can tell how to get her, otherwile to dye a  
Batchelor.

A Sonnet made by a young man, shewing  
the Maidens Unconstancy.

The Tune is, *The Blazing Torch.*

**M**Y love to me doth prove unkind,  
and bids me now adieu,

I find she bears a fickle mind,

and leaves me for a new:

I had had I to dote on her,

which will not constant prove,

She more doth breed my grief and care,

*And will not be my Love.*

Had I known this in former times,

be sure she should not flown,

We were United once in minds,

I counted her mine own:

But now she's gone away from me,

alas she flies to rove,

I am perplext in misery,

*she will not be my Love.*

Let all young-men a warning take,

use time while time doth serve,

My negligence made her forsake

me, as you may observe:

I once had time and all things fit,

that I in fancies strove,

That

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That time again I cannot get,  
*She will not be my Love.*

A Young-mans kind request of his  
 Dearly Beloved.

**H**APPY be the time of our meeting, my joy,  
 my sweet and dearest Love: I was much  
 grieved in mind at thy too long absence, your  
 friends murmur at me, & I know it is not un-  
 known to them that I speak the truth: but  
 what care I for the frowns of the whole world,  
 if I may but obtain thy Love and good will: if  
 thou smile on me, I will boldly out-face any. I  
 fear not to challenge grim Hercules, were he  
 libing, in the defence of her whom I so dearly  
 love. But alas, our time is short, we cannot dis-  
 course, time will not permit us leisure, nor is  
 our place fitting: wherefore my Love answer  
 speedily thy raine, I will remain thine till  
 death us depart.

The Maids kind Reply to her Dear.

**M**y Love, though all my friends frown,  
 and the World envy our happiness, yet I  
 will love thee whilst life doth last: I would  
 with speed, that we two may be joyned & made  
 as one; till then, I will your loyal and loving  
 partaker of all sorrows, griefs and care, and after  
 I will joyne with thee in happiness, joy unto  
 death, wherein we will both take an equal  
 share, doubt not, I will not fail thee.

Here's my hand, come give me thine,

So hand in heart we both will joyn.

*The*

*The Man to his Love again.*

**M**Y love, my life, my joy, my wife,  
so thee I well may term;  
My hand thou hast, my heart is plac'd,  
with thee so for to joyn:  
My Turtle Dove, my Dearest Love,  
my joys I cannot express,  
The thoughts of thee, hath blinded me,  
as needs I must confess.  
Hadst thou deny'd to be my Bride,  
my sorrows had begun,  
And more beside, I sure had dy'd,  
my Glas had sure been run:  
Thus we will part, my own Sweet-heart,  
till the approaching day,  
Then we'll make known, to joyn in one,  
till death take life away.

*The Shepherds Wooing of a Country Lass.*

**M**Y dearest and well beloved, you are well  
met here in the Woods, where you may  
see my flock feeding, and my young Lambs  
skipping for joy that you are come hither to ac-  
company me, which before I saw you, I was  
beset with sorrow and sadness, now I am as  
much possesst with joy and gladness: I will now  
tune my pipes, and play you sundry Tunes to  
make you mirth: I will play you loves delight,  
which if you will dance over with me, I know  
you will have hearts content in doing the same.  
Say Sweet-heart, wilt thou consent to yield and  
love me? thou sayest my love is pleasant and  
dainty

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beauty: If thou wilt consent, thou shalt be sure  
to have ~~the~~ cool enough to keep thee warm, and  
look what thou canst desire, thou shalt have it  
give thy mind satisfaction: say, Sweet-heart,  
canst thou love me or no?

The Maids answer to the Shepherd.  
**K** And Shepherd, I like well of thy motion,  
I pray thee let me hear thy pipes play, and  
if I like thy music, I will tell thee more of  
my mind, till then I will be silent.

The Shepherd plays, and sings her a Song.  
The Tune is, *Within the North Country.*

**B** Rave *Tamberlain* he was  
a Shepherd on the plains,  
And to his Love he gain'd a Lass,  
which pleas'd him for his pains:  
And many shepherds more, had sped almost as  
I cannot reckon them all o're,  
nor name where they do dwell.  
But I my self am here,  
and sue to thee for Love,  
If thou deny me then,  
I fear it my death will prove,  
Wherefore to me be kind,  
and save a shepherds life,  
And thou shalt find I am inclin'd,  
for to make thee my Wife.  
Well Shepherd say no more,  
I grant to thy request,  
As thou bid'st me speak before,  
'tis thee that I love best.

The

Cupids Soliciter

The Saylor to his Love, he being newly come  
from the *Indies*.

**N**ow to my joy, what sayest thou? I see you  
are not yet wedded to any one since my  
departure, and I hope you have not bow'd  
Chastity: since last I saw you, I have crossed  
the curled waves of Neptune, have ventur'd  
my life in many cruel Storms, to see and to  
search the Indies, to bring home some Gold  
and Pearl for my Girl: canst thou now find in  
thy heart to love or no? tell me Sweet-heart canst  
thou?

His Loves Answer to him.

**A**las Sweet-heart, I have had no joy neher  
since your departure: I thought long until  
I heard of your return home again, and doubt-  
full I was, that the surly Waves of Neptune  
would have drowned thee: but now I see thy  
person on shore, I am right joyful, and if thou  
wilt be ruled by me, thou shalt not endanger  
thy self no more on the dangerous Seas, thou  
mayst now stay at home and solace thy self with  
the delights of Love: thou shalt be my Partner,  
and I will be thy Pilot, thou shalt be a still  
Passenger, and I will be a Ship for thee to sail in:  
in plain, thou shalt be my love, my life, and I  
for ever will be to thee a loving Wife.

The Saylor's Song of joy for gaining his Love:

The Tune of, *Come my sweet and bonny one.*

**A**fter this cruel storm at Sea,  
I find a calmed shore, She



## OF LOVE.

She now begins for to love me,  
who hated me before:  
This is a change, and very strange,  
it seemeth unto me,  
Ye happy wind, that blows so kind,  
my ship sails fair and free.  
My love was wont for to be coy,  
and me she did disdain,  
Now she calls me her only joy,  
this is a pleasing strain:  
Cupid hath struck a lucky stroke,  
she now is bent to love,  
Which pleaseth me most wondrously,  
that she so kind should prove.  
Perhaps 'tis because I have brought means,  
from off the Ocean main,  
By all suppose it truly seems,  
I did not sail in vain:  
Now I have won my prity one,  
and wealth enough beside,  
Had I not gone, 'thad not been done,  
nor had she been my Bride.  
Now unto Church in hast we'l go,  
and Wedded we will be,  
Now pleasures tides begins to flow,  
between my love and me.  
We'l make no stay, but post away,  
and end what is begun,  
My heart is thine, and thine is mine,  
my fair and pretty one.

The

Cupids Soliciter, &c.

The Author to the Buyer of the Book.

**O**F love and lovers here I will explain,  
Some false, some firm, & some for love are slain  
So merrily disposed, plays the wag,  
And other some of true love seems to brag:  
Some are constant, some changing as the weather  
And some again joyn love and life together:  
Some they are shepherds, some they are cowrly  
(Swains;  
And some are such as swimmeth on the plains:  
Some they are Saylor which doth crosse the Seas  
And some there are that live at home at ease:  
In plain, they are all Cupids wounded men,  
That seek for help to cure themselves again.

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FINIS.

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